

Should Betrothals Be Advertised?

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Ask me no more—thy fate and mine are sealed.
I strove against the stream, and all in vain.
Let the great river take me to the main!
No more dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

We have all heard of censoring beaux, but here's another trial that expectant lovers may soon face—that of having their betrothal registered. A statesman, anxious to win fame, has actually set forth the idea which he hopes to establish as a law. It would checkmate the backsliding beau, who has begun to waver of his sweetheart; nip off those bugaboo breach of promise cases, where the swain

avens he didn't and the maid he did. It would be a benefit to the timid bachelor who, like a moth, hovers about the fascinating widow, trying to make up his mind whether it is wisest and best to woo and wed or take unto himself that old timely advice: "Beware of widows." The enterprising widow in such a case would have to await his decision, no matter how impatient she might be to grasp time and the man by the forelock.

Of course, advertising a betrothal has its advantages. Then, again, there's another side of the question which bears weight against it. If a modest girl has become betrothed to a fickle lover and he deserted her, how distressed she would feel to explain how it came about to her glowing five hundred friends. Again, many such girls may actually become betrothed half a dozen times before they decide they have come across the right man. There are any amount of kin people who would "have the laugh on them" for catching so many beaux, yet not getting one of them to the altar.

There are timid men as well as timid women. Many a man would not propose marriage if he was under the necessity of having his intention to wed made public. He may not care to have his associates find this out. If he has old loves in the background, what an opportunity for them

MINOR LEAGUE PILOT HAS NO EASY JOB, SAYS DONLIN

Must Be Able to Play Every Role From That of President to Third Assistant Groundkeeper.

A managerial berth in the minor leagues is no sinecure. Take Mike Donlin's word for it.

Mike contends that in order to be a first-class minor league pilot one must have the patience of Job, the hypnotic powers of Herb Flint, and the mental and physical ability to play every role from president of the club to third assistant groundkeeper.

As Donlin has tried his hand at managing a minor league club, he ought to know something about it. He was appointed manager of the Memphis club of the Southern association last winter, and he announced at the time that he had high hopes of making good. But last winter Mike didn't know anything about the managerial game in the bushes.

He served as manager of Memphis until about May 15, when he was handed his release. He says that his troubles began when the club lost something like fifteen games by one run. Then the umpires commenced to make

EPICURHES:

"IDEALS never get you nothin'," so my neighbors say; "Ideals won't grow you a crop nor stack your summer's hay!" They laugh at me because I got a snakin' sort o' plan to make the farm-work fun for even Bill, my hired man; they say I'm foolish 'cause I got a garden for the wife, and 'cause I think that flowers mean as much as cash, in life. But I gets lots o' consolation readin' Titcomb's words; his thoughts ARE sometimes sorta like THE sorrin' o' the birds that pluck the WORLD'S spring freshness from the farms of me an' you an' seem to fly up Thar where them ideal things come true. We all are slaves to MASTERS—to ambitions, low or high; George Washington—he had 'em; an' I like to feel that I can take them same ideals with my musket, into War—perhaps, some day, all men will see that Place where them birds soar!

Robert Russell.
"Ideals are world's masters."

(Copyright, 1917, by Int'l Press Bureau.)

life miserable for Mike, who is a hard loser, and finally he was blamed for everything that went wrong.

But Mike's case is only one incident. Dozens of minor league managers have experienced the same troubles that befell Donlin, and dozens of future managers in the minors will experience them.

The minor league manager has a hundred and one burdens on his shoulders. He generally has to deal with



Mike Donlin.

group of stockholders, and he has to please them individually and collectively. He must turn out a winner or stand for a continual panning from stockholders and fans. He must go out and scout for his own players, for the minors do not hire ivory hunters to assist the manager. He must do at least 60 per cent of the thinking for his ball club on the field, and if the club loses a hard game through bonehead work the manager gets the blame, whether he is at fault or not.

Just as soon as a minor league manager gets a good club together along comes some big league club and he sees his winning combination broken up through sales or the draft. He must go out and dig up players to fill the shoes of those who are taken away, and if he fails to find talent as good as he has lost they say he is slipping.

Just for Fun.

"The Gadder girls have decided to take up settlement work."

"That's good. It's encouraging to see society buds with a serious turn of thought."

"Um, yes. But they seem to think it's going to be a lark."

Argentina yields a normal wheat crop of 192,000,000 bushels.

When Might Made Right.

A clergyman while passing through one of the by-streets of Edinburgh came upon a rough-looking and grumpy coal man, who was "persuading" his horse to move along more expeditiously. The horse had taken a stubborn fit, and the coal man was very excited, and coaching his sentiments in language which was simply appalling.

The clergyman was a little man, but rash, for he rebuked the coal man in a manner that left absolutely nothing to be desired.

"I cannot understand," he said, in winding up his expostulation, "what you mean by using such harrowing expressions."

"This rebuke was lost upon the coal man."

"My wee man," he replied, at the

him, and not much of what it all meant, but doing his durnedest to make good, and getting straighter and more soldierly every day.

"I think to myself that that top-oared boy was doing that for me, a broken-down old wretch, who couldn't do it for himself; doing it that I might dodder along to the end in safety and comfort. And I says to myself that all I can do for him is to enlist my old wallet, so that when he charges into the jaws of hell, my few dollars may be there to help mend him. And so I didn't give till it hurt, but gave because it felt good to give, and because it hurt not to."—Kansas City Star.

The secretary bird gets its name from the tufts of feathers which grow on either side of its head and look exactly like a bunch of pens stuck behind a clerk's ear. This bird has long legs and large wings, with which it can ascend to a great height. It builds a strong nest in a tree, and lives in a year after year, subsisting on small animals and tiny snakes.

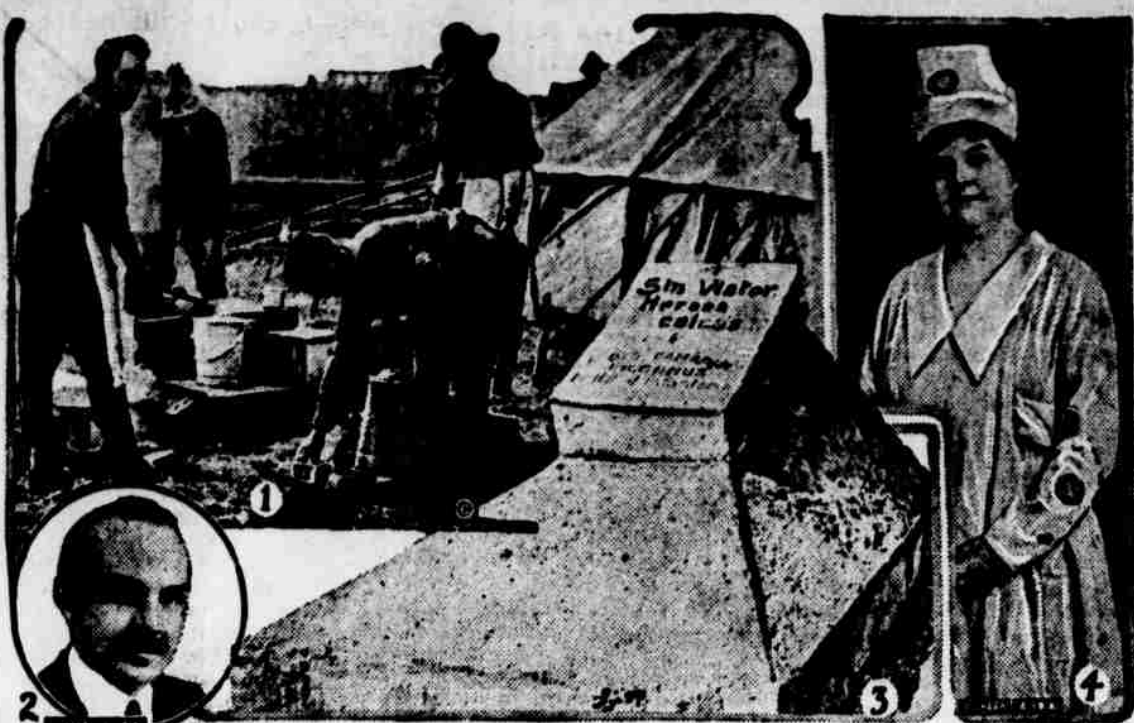
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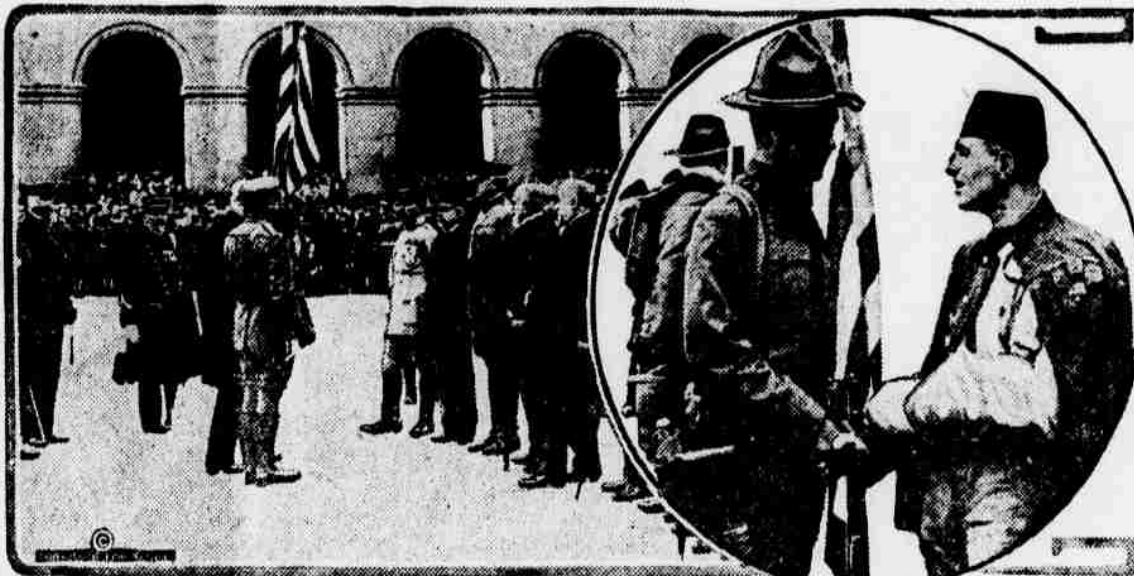
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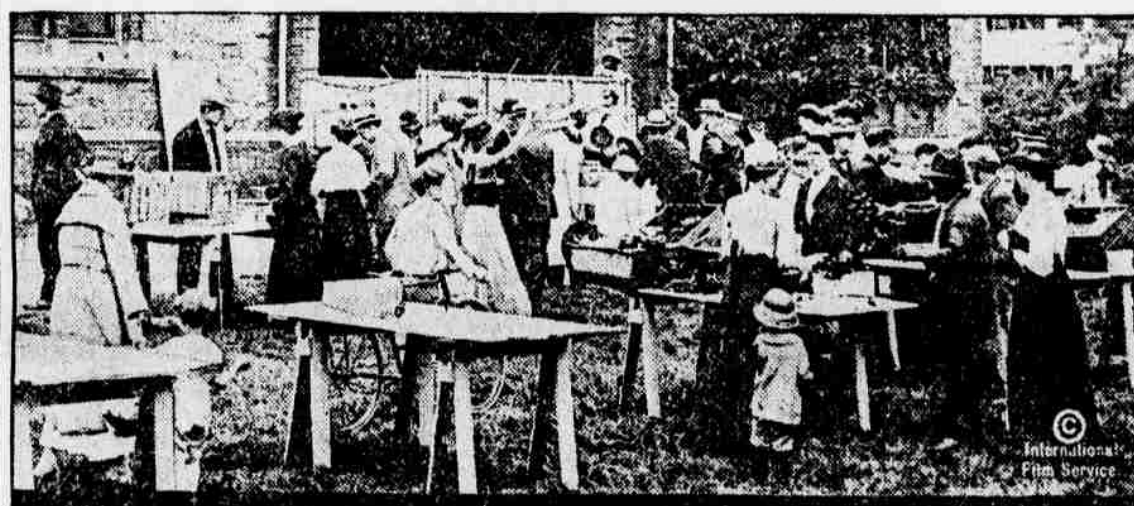
1—Preparing for "chow time" in the American camp in France. 2—Prof. Hiram Bingham of Yale, noted explorer and educator, who heads the division of military aeronautics school of the aviation section, signal corps. 3—A monument erected at Verdun to the unknown heroes of the One Hundred and Twelfth French Infantry, who fought so bravely there. 4—Mrs. Thomas W. Gregory, wife of the attorney general, in the costume of the food administration.

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION IN PARIS



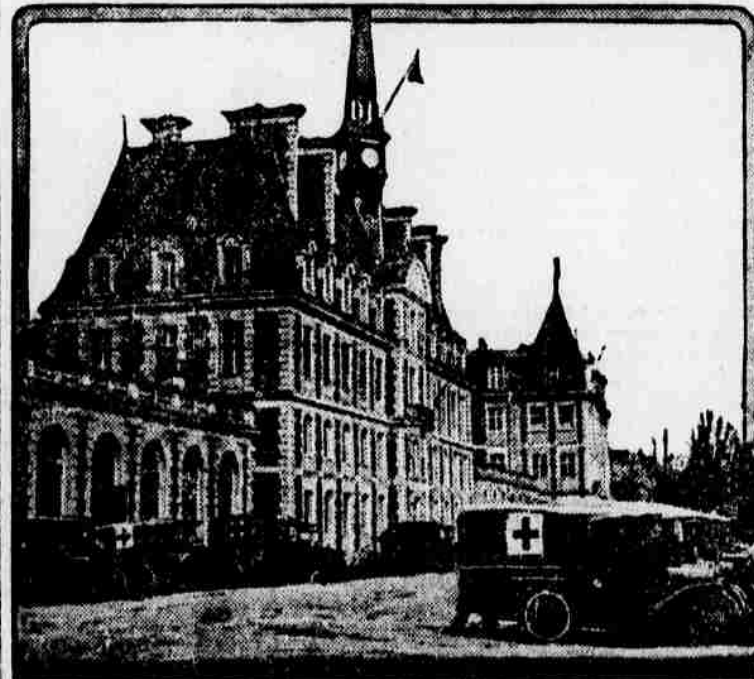
Independence day ceremonies in the Invalides at Paris, when the flag of the Americans who have fought in the Foreign Legion of France was handed to General Niox to be placed in the chapel. Left to right are General Niox, Admiral Lucena, General Pershing, President Poincare and Ambassador Sharp. At the right an American soldier is seen talking with a wounded poilu.

FARMER TO CONSUMER MARKET AT QUINCY



Quincy, Mass., is the first municipality in that state to tackle the food problem with a practical farmer to consumer market, opened in the historic Adams academy grounds. Housewives must come to the market to buy their supplies and nothing will be delivered. Each farmer will pay a rental of 20 cents on Wednesday and 30 cents on Saturday for his space. "Carry your own basket" is now the slogan of the citizens of Quincy.

HOSPITAL TRANSFERRED TO PERSHING



The American ambulance at Neuilly, France, which was transferred a few days ago to the American army as represented by General Pershing.

SCRAPS.

The highest spire in the world is that of Ulm Cathedral, which is 530 feet in height. It was completed in 1890.

Canada has the largest forest in the world. It is in the Labrador and Hudson Bay district, and is, roughly, 1,000 by 1,700 miles.

Thousands of gulls have worked all winter for the health department of Green Bay, Wis., disposing of the waste from fisheries at the rate of a wagon-load in three minutes.

The automobile industry dates back to 1885.

The gatling gun has been in use since 1862.

The largest sugar refinery in the world is located at Chalmers, on the Mississippi river, near New Orleans.

A new toy vehicle is driven by a standing rider applying his weight first to one lever and then to another.

In India men wear combs in their hair much more than women do. A Bengali gentleman wears what we know as the circular comb, and a very ornamental back comb of tortoise shell to gather his curly locks together.

The Northerners settled in Iceland in the year 874.

Before the war there were three British factories working for the land service; today there are 95.

A native tree of South America, the cannonball tree, bears round, woody fruit which closely resembles baseballs.

The word "Jewry" occurs several times in the Apocrypha and New Testament, but only once in the Old Testament (Daniel 5:13). The same word is elsewhere rendered Judah and Judea.

Do not burn weeds and grass if opportunity presents for turning such material into the soil. Nitrogen, the most precious of all fertilizing elements, is entirely lost in burning, and the ashes of any substance are of little food value compared with the same organic matter decomposed in the soil.

The largest known deposits of molybdenum are in the west and are reported to have been discovered in southern Peru.

The British rifle is the outcome of the South African war. It holds 10 cartridges and is sighted from 300 to 2,300 yards.

KERENSKY TO SOLDIERS



Premier Kerensky addressing the Russian soldiers, whom he is so desperately striving to recall to their duty to Russia and civilization. Kerensky, who has been given dictatorial powers, hurried to the front in Galicia to try to check the rout of Korniloff's army.

To Teach Russian Language. The Russian language is being taught at the University of Wisconsin for the first time. The course was established in answer to a demand for knowledge of the Russian tongue because of the relations between the United States and that country.

He Ought to Know. "Here's a substance which breaks down when exposed to light," remarked the chemist.

"That might be the most repulsive are made of," observed the politician.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Quinn's Experience
Ought to Help You Over
the Critical Period.

Lowell, Mass.—"For the last three years I have been troubled with the Change of Life and the feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time. I was unable to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headaches or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take."

—Mrs. MARGARET QUINN, Rear 259 Worthen St., Lowell, Mass.

Other warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dizziness, palpitation, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness, inquietude, and dizziness.

If you need special advice, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

ECZEMA!
Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER, or other itching skin diseases. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Newark, N.J.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 31-1917.

No Chance for Him Even Then. "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

"Yes, but then he never gets the best of me. So do I."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzled, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing—Adv.

Innuendo.

"I took first prize at the dog show," remarked Finlaid.

"What were you entered as?" inquired Wombat with an irritating smirk.—Kansas City Journal.

Advancing Civilization.

As a proof that civilization is advancing, it may be pointed out that African traders, who used to supply Uganda with rum, cotton, brass wire and beads are now doing a flourishing trade in wrist watches.

In Our Boarding House.

"That new couple look as if they had some guilty secret."

"They have."

"Huh?"

"They kept house once, but they don't want to do anything that will add to the landlady's power by letting her know they didn't make a success of it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Modern.

"My potato," he howled passionately, throwing himself on his knees before her, "do not tempt me thus! Let me look into thine orbs, shining like radishes set in a bed of the finest leaf-mold, and see truth revealed therein! Oh, do not send me away, I implore you. My parsley—my onion, my turnip-top, my holy little leek!"

She rose to her feet.

"Slug!" she hissed. Wireworm!

Allotment (thief)? You dare to come to me with vain compliments? But I can see through you. You call me a chaste potato, while at the same time, copying the ways of the murderous green fly, you seek to pull me down to your own vile and stagnant level! Begone!"

And he went.—London Idios.

Safe Advertising.

An Amsterdam avenue delicatessen dealer has reached the pinnacle of advertising ingenuity in his efforts to sell more eggs than his competitors. His window displays the following sign:

"Guaranteed fresh eggs 52 cents a dozen. Five cents for each bad egg returned."

The risibilities unconsciously rise at the thought of a respectable gentleman walking along Amsterdam avenue carrying an egg that has been boiled and in the process of breaking for breakfast has displayed unbecomingly vicious tendencies. Inquiry at the shop revealed that the proprietor has yet to pay out the first nickel for a returned egg, and he still insists that the advertising idea is a good one.—New York Sun.

On Will Training.

The magazines advertise many books on will training. Each of them promises to heal the sick self, to strengthen the feeble knees, to turn the poor to heart into dominating personalities, to make live wires out of hard bound brains. Pleasant is the picture, very pleasant and alluring, which these advertisements paint of the future. Your inhibitions shall be cast out of you, they shall perhaps enter into your Gadarene competitors, who shall be driven violently down a steep place into the sea, leaving your once faint heart free to win fair wages. Unless, indeed, your competitors happen to better their wills by buying and reading the same books, in which case the future looks less clear.—The New Republic.

POST TOASTIES are the newest and best in corn flakes

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